

# CHRONOSTICHON

Decollationis CAROLI Regis, &c.  
tricesimo die Januarii, secunda hora Pomeri-  
diana, Anno Dom. MDCXLVIII.

Ter Deno IanI Labens ReX SoLe CaDente  
CaroLVs eXVtVs SoLlo SCeptroqVe SeCVre.



CHARLS ! — ah forbear, forbear ! lest Mortals prize  
His Name too dearly ; and Idolatrize,  
His Name ! Our Losse ! Thrice cursed and forlorne  
Be that Black Night, which usher'd in this Morne !

CHARLS our Dread-Sovereigne — hold ! lest Out-law'd Sense  
Bribe, and seduce tame Reason to dispense  
With those Celestial Powers ; and distrust  
Heav'n can Beholde such Treason, and prove Just.

CHARLS our Dread-Sovereign 's murther'd ! — Tremble ! and  
View what Convulsions Shoulder-shake this Land.  
Court, Cittie, Countrie, nay three Kingdoms runne  
To their last Stage, and Set with Him their Sunne.

CHARLS our Dread-Sovereign 's murther'd at His Gate !  
Fell Feinds ! dire Hydra's of a Stiff-neck't-State !  
Strange Bodie-Politicke ! whose Members spread,  
And, Monster-like, swell bigger then their HEAD.

CHARLS of Great Britaine ! Hee who was the knowne  
King of three Realms, lie's murther'd in his Owne.  
Hee ! Hee ! who liv'd, and Faith's Defender stood,  
Die'd here to re-Baptize, it in His Blood.

No more, no more. Fame's Trumpe shall Eccho all  
The Rest in dreadful Thunder. Such a Fall  
Great Christendome ne're Pattern'd ; and 'twas strange  
Earth's Center reel'd not at this dismal Change.

The Blow struck Britaine blinde ; each well-set Limbe  
By Dislocation was lop't off in HIM.  
Though Shee yet live's, Shee live's but to condole  
Three Bleeding Bodies left without a Soule.

RELIGION put's on Black. Sad LOYALTIE  
Blushe's and Mourn's to see bright-Majestie  
Butcher'd by such Assassins : nay both  
Gainst GOD, 'gainst LAW, ALLEGIANCE, and their OATH.

Farewell sad Isle ! Farewell ! Thy fatal Glory  
Is Summ'd Cast up, and Cancell'd in this Story.